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SIR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL MACKENZIE, MUS. DOC.

THE subject of our portrait this month is the son of Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, an excellent violinist, for many years leader at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. Alexander Campbell Mackenzie was born in the Scottish capital on August 27th, 1847, and at the age of ten years was sent to Sondershausen, in Germany, and placed in the house of the Stadt-musiker Bartel. There, after a few years of study, he took his place as second violinist in the Ducal orchestra, and this early training has no doubt proved invaluable to him in after life. Not only did he attain proficiency in the German language, but he acquired a thorough and comprehensive knowledge of the groundwork of his profession. The importance of this for a man who is subsequently called upon to superintend the instruction of the young at an Institution like the Royal Academy of Music, cannot be over-estimated. In 1862 he returned to London, and as a pupil of Sainton, won, in the same year, the King's Scholarship. Jewson taught him the pianoforte, and Lucas instructed him in harmony. At the termination of his curriculum he was already a skilful solo violinist. He gained much success as an orchestral leader, and shortly afterwards he began to teach the pianoforte in his native town. Meanwhile he had become the conductor of several choral societies, and while he was almost always associated with Mr. Chappell's party when they visited Edinburgh—having been the colleague of Joachim, Norman Néruda, Wilhelmj, and Strauss—he gave on his own account several series of concerts, extending over a period of ten years. About ten years ago he relinquished his ever-growing engagements in Edinburgh for the purpose of devoting himself entirely to composition. To this result the encouragement of Dr. Hans von Bulow and Mr. Manns of the Crystal Palace, largely contributed. He went to Florence, where he wrote *The Bride* for the Worcester Festival, *Jason* for the Bristol Festival, the opera, *Columba*, for Drury Lane Theatre, and the oratorio, *The Rose of Sharon*, which was given for the first time at the Bristol Triennial Festival of 1888. The period in which he composed these and other works he found the happiest of his life. He had no stereotyped duties to fulfil, and he could work as the humour seized him. But he could not always live in retirement. Messrs. Novello claimed him to take the conductorship of their concerts, a post which he held until 1887, and soon after his return to England he was honoured with the degree of Mus. Doc., which was conferred upon him by the University of St. Andrew's, the oldest university in Scotland. He is also a Mus. Doc. of Cambridge. When the death of Sir George Macfarren, Principal of the Royal Academy, was announced, Mackenzie had no intention of seeking election to the post, as he imagined that the place would be given to the late Principal's brother, Mr. Walter Macfarren. When, however, that gentleman retired from the contest, Dr. Mackenzie became a candidate and was elected to the proud position which he now holds, on

February 28th, 1888. Since that day, he has devoted all his energy and administrative skill to the best interests of the Tenterden Street Institution, which he has already improved and elevated to an almost incredible extent. The word "thorough" appears to be his motto, and the musical world cannot but rejoice that his gifts and merits have been recognised to some extent, and, however tardily, by the bestowal on him of the rank of Knight. Meanwhile it seems a trifle absurd that no less than three picture painters of varying merit should be walking—or driving—about to-day as baronets, while the representative musician of the British Isles is fobbed off with a Knighthood! Sir Alexander Mackenzie's compositions are already voluminous. In addition to the four works already named, they embrace *The Troubadour*, opera; *The Story of Sayid*, and *A Jubilee Ode*, cantatas; "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," "Rhapsodie Ecossaise," "Burns" (rhapsody), "Concerto for Violin," orchestral pieces "The New Covenant," written for the Glasgow Exhibition; and a choral setting of "The Cottar's Saturday Night." Besides these he has composed anthems, a very large number of songs, duets, trios, and part songs, a few organ pieces, violin solos, and a store of pianoforte music. He was elected conductor of the Philharmonic Society in 1892. Among his other published works are *The Dream of Jubal*, Op. 41; "Pibroch," suite for violin, Op. 42; music to *Ravenswood*, for Henry Irving, Op. 45; "Spring Songs," Op. 44; "Veni Creator Spiritus," for chorus and orchestra, Op. 46; "Highland Ballad," for violin, Op. 47; *Bethlehem*, an oratorio, Op. 49; overture, "Britannia," Op. 52; "From the North," nine pieces for violin, Op. 53; three Songs by John Hay, Op. 54.

CURRENT NOTES.

A MEED of praise is due to Mr. Sidney Jones for his music to *An Artist's Model*, a "comedy with music," now running at Daly's Theatre. The lyrics of Mr. Harry Greenbank are carefully and symmetrically contrived, and thus give the composer a chance of which he has availed himself. Indeed, the music is the redeeming feature of a rather vulgar production. For instance: a young lady is told by a man, who is not intended to represent a cad, that "a 'past' is all that a girl has to look forward to now-a-days." In the author's—Mr. Owen Hall's—view this class of thing evidently ranks as an epigram. But one does not become an Oscar Wilde by the mere distortion of common sense. One may relish the wit of him who declared that a person who had misused his opportunities had "a brilliant future behind him," without appreciating a bald invitation to look forward to a past. These remarks may not be exactly "musical criticism," but they are perfectly true.

THE Magistrate at the West London Police Court heard an application the other day from a lady who asked advice respecting the continual playing of the piano next door.

Mr. Curtis Bennett said people who lived in London must put up with noises. Persons who objected, he added, should, like Robinson Crusoe, reside on a desert island. The applicant, who was mainly concerned with the health of her children whose rest was disturbed, was obliged to leave the Court without redress, and bombarded to the last by magisterial witticisms. Now it may be very facetious to enjoin people to break up their homes and court the misfortunes of Robinson Crusoe, but the grievance of which this lady complained is a very real one, and will appeal to everybody except, perhaps, Mr. Curtis Bennett. The great sinners in this matter are, of course, the Jerry builders, in some of whose constructions the tenants are made unwilling participants in the family squabbles of their neighbours. But no musician, worthy the name, would willingly annoy the occupants of adjoining premises, though, according to Mr. Bennett's ruling, if the man on the flat above me starts business to-morrow as a boiler manufacturer, I must put up with it, which is absurd.

ON February 9th Sir A. C. Mackenzie inaugurated at the Royal Institution a series of three lectures on "The Traditional and National in Music," with a delivery on the subject of Humperdinck's opera *Hänsel und Gretel*. The lecturer found much to praise in this work, and it was pleasant to learn on such high authority that the opinion expressed in *THE LUTE* was eminently justifiable. Indeed, Sir Alexander waxed enthusiastic at times, and the proceedings were enlivened by practical illustrations contributed by Miss Marie Elba, Miss Jeanne Douste, and Mr. Charles Copland, who filled the principal parts in the recent production at Daly's Theatre. A high compliment was paid to Miss Constance Bache, who adapted the piece into English, and among many clever and critical comments the learned lecturer drew marked attention to the facility with which the composer compassed the remotest modulations "without leaving any unpleasant taste." This happy phrase precisely expresses Humperdinck's musicianly agility in this direction; it is the old formula, redressed, of the art which conceals itself.

MR. CORNEY GRAIN, the versatile pianist and entertainer, produced on Monday, February 11th, a new musical sketch, entitled *Musie à la mode*, at St. George's Hall, the home of the "German Reeds." The first part of his entertainment is devoted to music which is no longer *à la mode*, and which was never, I opine, quite so bad as he paints it. The second part deals with the modern nigger song, love ballad, and other ephemeral developments of quasi-musical futility, which it is, possibly, well that he should burlesque. His imitations did not, however, strike me as being so close as they used to be, and in this sketch he, while reintroducing a quantity of material which has already done an amount of duty that might almost entitle it to a pension, gives one less of his own individuality that heretofore. Mr. Grain is never so happy as when making game of "society," and this he does even better in spoken dialogue than on the piano. His manipulation of this instrument is, indeed, and sooth to say, a little tiresome. He always finishes up his songs in the same way, and he always grabs too many notes in the left hand with a kind of pounce, which is exasperating.

WITH the death of Mr. John George Callcott, late organist of the Parish Church, Teddington, the musical world has to deplore the loss of a veteran and valued

member. Mr. Callcott was born in 1821. He was accompanist to Henry Leslie's Choir from 1854 to 1882, and wrote for that choir several excellent part songs. Earlier in his career he composed some capital dance music, some of which was produced at Julien's Concerts, besides pianoforte pieces, arrangements, etc. Cantatas, and church music generally, he provided with great facility, and his unusual capability as a pianist was to some extent recognised when he was engaged as accompanist by Mme. Christine Nilsson on a lengthened tour. His father, it may be mentioned, was a distinguished French horn player, who gained a medal at the great Exhibition of 1851 for improvements in the mechanism of that instrument. Mr. John George Callcott was (previous to receiving his appointment at Teddington, which he held for fourteen years and up to the day of his death) for 27 years organist of St. Stephen's, Westminster.

MR. HENSCHEL'S Symphony Concerts have not lately been so well patronised as they deserved. Neither the performance of January 31st nor that of February 14th can be described as having been largely attended. The bill-of-fare, however, if not particularly well selected, was, on both occasions, admirably served, and the violin playing of Mr. Maurice Sons, in Dvůřák's Concerto (Op 53), came as a revelation to most present. The executant showed wonderful brilliance, polish, and accuracy, and the work which he played (dedicated to Joseph Joachim) is interesting as an example of consummate ingenuity and musicianship, if not of the highest inspiration. The seventh concert, that of February 14th, was "In Memoriam, Richard Wagner," and consisted solely of that master's compositions, together with Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony, which comprises the well-known "Funeral March." Wagner died on February 13th, 1883, and now more than ever do people congregate in crowds wherever his music is given. But while the upper parts of the Queen's Hall were well filled, it cannot be denied that the stalls showed many vacancies, and this is, I think, to be accounted for by the fact that Mr. Henschel, while presenting Wagner habitually in a most attractive guise, has hitherto been content to present only a very limited selection from the master's works.

SUCH pieces as the Prelude to *Lohengrin*, "Elsa's Dream," and "Isolde's Liebestod" (from *Tristan*) have been heard so often under the bâton of Dr. Henschel and others, that it is scarcely remarkable if the patrons of the best seats—i.e., the musical amateurs who mainly desire to be *dans le mouvement*—do not brave the rigours of a frosty night in order to listen to what they would tell you they knew already by heart. There is a mass of music by Wagner which has hardly if ever been heard in this country at all, and if someone would give us a chance of hearing something in the nature of a novelty, I am sure that there would be few seats going begging.

AT the Crystal Palace on February 16th the Saturday concerts were resumed. Here again the "In Memoriam" business was in full swing. Accordingly the entire programme was devoted to Wagner, and to say that of the five numbers, any except the Love duet from Act 1 of *Die Walküre* was not hackneyed, would be to coquette with the truth. Mr. Manns received a cordial reception on taking his place at the desk, and he conducted a magnificent performance. The familiar "Ride of the



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Walkyries" was played under him with a dash and precision that were quite electrical. The concluding run upwards and sharp *staccato* final chord had the effect of a sudden pistol shot. For this reflection and apt comparison I am indebted to a man whom I overheard talking to a friend as he left the concert-room

EARLY this month a testimonial is to be presented to Mr. Manns, whose conductorship of the Crystal Palace concerts has proved an undeniable and distinguished success. His method of wielding the baton has by some been regarded as eccentric, and it is, no doubt, unconventional. But it is to results that one should look, rather than to the means employed for attaining them, and it is not too much to say that the Crystal Palace band under Mr. Manns has reached a position of artistic excellence that is not to be encountered elsewhere in this country. Though he carries his age so lightly, Mr. Manns is within a few days of celebrating his 70th birthday. It is to be hoped that he may long be spared to continue the good work which he inaugurated so many years ago, and has so conscientiously carried out ever since. After all is said and done there is nothing like the Crystal Palace concerts for real music.

In comparison, even the Philharmonic concerts suffer. At the latter the services of the very pick of instrumentalists are enlisted, but these are drawn together as a body solely for the purpose of the concerts, and do not enjoy the advantage of playing together all the year round as do the members of the Crystal Palace orchestra. The Philharmonic band, again, has, I believe, seldom, if ever more than one rehearsal, and that is hardly sufficient to ensure the ideals of smart attack and nice expression, not to mention many other attributes of a first-class performance of new music. In a well-known symphony or overture the Philharmonic Society stands unapproached, because all the players are first rate, and they all know the music by heart. Indeed, a symphony of Haydn, for instance, would probably be better played by the Philharmonic orchestra than at the Crystal Palace, especially in the department of strings, because all the fiddlers would have good fiddles, and the effect of a body of good violinists all playing on good violins is always lovely, provided that the work in hand be familiar to all. To make my meaning quite clear, the Philharmonic orchestra, if employed daily or even weekly at the Crystal Palace, would be the finest in the world. But this being obviously out of the question, I maintain that Mr. Manns has obtained the very best results from the material at his command, and his careful preparation of a work given "for the first time in England," ordinarily secures a superior performance to that of the Philharmonic Society.

RUBINSTEIN's pianoforte quartet in C. (op. 66), the only one he ever wrote, was so well received at the Saturday Popular Concert of February 16th, that it is sure to be heard again—if, indeed, it has not been repeated before these lines are in my readers' hands. Herr Emil Sauer was the pianist, and he, at times, rather swamped the efforts of Lady Hallé and her colleagues, Messrs. Gibson and Ould, by a very natural enthusiasm. Rubinstein as a pianist *par excellence* was not the man to deny his adopted instrument its utmost opportunities, and composers do not nowadays seem to reflect that the sonority of the modern grand piano is too apt to cause the other stringed instru-

ments of chamber music to pale their ineffectual fires. With the harpsichord it was a very different matter, and one can well understand how this class of work first came to be written.

IN the old days everybody used to play sonatas and serenades of the primmest type in their parlours, instead of the "Little Alabama Coon" and so forth; accordingly the harpsichord came in usefully when "a little music" was proposed, in which a violin or two joined, at the same sort of gatherings as those at which we should now expect, and probably be supplied with some music-hall dance or song. The old-fashioned pianist could not, as at present, domineer over the other performers owing to the limitations of his instrument; and I have often thought and still think that the modern piano quartet of chamber music is an anachronism, for the simple reason that recent improvements giving greater volume and distinctness, lend also to the pianoforte an undue preponderance of one instrument. This is neither artistic nor altogether pleasant. In point of fact I question whether the days of pure "chamber music" are not numbered. Increasing musical education, or curiosity, and the march of the times demand a fairly large hall for a "paying" concert. And in a fairly large hall you cannot properly hear chamber music. Affairs are only made worse when, in a pianoforte trio or quartet, you can hear the piano certainly, but only a faint breathing of the violin and violoncello.

HERR HUMPERDINCK's opera *Hänsel und Gretel*, which during last month was played at Gaiety matinees, will be transferred bodily to the Princess's Theatre on Monday, March 4th, when the evening performances will be resumed under the auspices, this time, of Sir Augustus Harris, who has secured not only the American rights in any language, but also the right of producing the opera with the original German text in this country. It is whispered that, after Easter, an entirely re-dressed and lavishly mounted version of this captivating work may be witnessed (in German) at Drury Lane.

MISS MARIE WURM gave a concert at the Queen's Hall, on the afternoon of February 21st, when the entire performance was devoted to improvisations on themes supplied to the player then and there. All composers, except of course those who write the ungrammatical ballads which delight middle-class drawing-rooms and disgrace English music, would be capable of doing much what Miss Wurm did, if they were not all capable of doing it quite so well. It is not difficult to satisfy or even surprise a not particularly critical audience with variations or fantasias on a given theme. The thing has often been done before in public, but it has never been attempted by first-rate composers in recent times. There is a smack of charlatanism about such exhibitions, which are rather *tours de force* than artistic manifestations. To say "I will improvise on any theme at the word of command" is to reduce art to mechanism. Between displays of this kind and considered compositions, there is about the same difference as that between the music-hall rifle-shot who shatters glass balls for a certainty, and the country sportsman who patiently and intelligently pursues his game.

MISS WURM was undoubtedly clever in her treatment of the various subjects submitted to her, and in handling a

theme sent in a sealed envelope by Dr. Bridge, she showed considerable facility in the *fugato* style. But without seeking to decry her undoubted talent, I cannot but object strongly to this class of entertainment, which embodies a certain vulgarity of idea, and can only be the vehicle for self-glorification by means, if not at the expense, of music. When the spectators are asked to furnish themes at random, one is reminded of a conjuring show. The performer says virtually: "Choose any card you like!" And then the committee, as it were, step on to the platform to make sure that there is nothing concealed up the conjuror's sleeves. Well though Miss Wurm did her business, one could not but seem to hear her ask softly like Professor Bertram, after each of her "experiments," "Isn't it marvellous?" In New York or Boston (U.S.A.) Miss Wurm has a grand field, perhaps. But in this country musical people prefer the thought-out to the happy-go-lucky.

MESSRS. ASCHERBERG, Berners Street, have just published a posthumous Nocturne for piano, by Chopin, in C sharp minor, which has every appearance of being authentic. It was written when Chopin was quite a young man; a letter from M. Polinski, the possessor of the manuscript, is in the hands of Miss Ianatha.

P. R.

PROGRAMME-MUSIC.

In a paper on "Form," read not long ago before a musical society in London, the author, a well-known *littérateur* of the most "advanced" school, stated his opinion that it was impossible for any earnest composer to sit down to write without having in his mind a perfectly clear and connected picture of the meaning of his work; and he went on to suggest, "as a simple and unpretending analogy," the scheme of a novel, of which the four stages should correspond to the four movements of a symphony, each portion of the music having a definite signification capable of being put into words. Perhaps this is a somewhat strong expression, but there can be no doubt that similar views are more or less held and acted upon in their instrumental works by the great majority of the composers who belong to what we might call the post-Wagnerian school. These writers hardly produce any work without some definite title and programme—there is no phase of life or experience, or even of things outside experience, which they do not strive to put into musical notes; and if any fossilised musician who has a relic of the classical leaven remaining ventures on a mild protest, he is at once met with the famous saying of Beethoven that he never composed without a picture in his mind, which served as the ground and inspiration of his work.

No one, as far as we know, has ever been able to make out exactly what Beethoven meant by this remark, but under any circumstances we may surely examine the question of programme-music without being stopped at the outset by a mere *obiter dictum* of anyone, however great. Even supposing Beethoven to have meant to stamp his approval on the principle of programme-music, it would be the grossest superstition were we to refuse to consider whether he might not possibly be wrong on the point. And certainly it seems to us as if this desire for programme-music is only another expression of the popular feeling which all artists are now agreed to disregard in literature or painting—the feeling, that is, which is always asking,

"What does this mean? What does it teach us?" which rebels from the pure impersonality of men like Flaubert or, in English painting, the late Albert Moore, and seeks continually for some definite emotional or even ethical result that can be clearly put in words. But then, it may be said, there are no really great novelists or painters who adapt themselves to this view, while the principle of programme-music has some of the greatest names in the art at its back. Perhaps the first part of this statement may be true as regards painters, but among great novelists there are palpable instances, as in much of Thackeray's work, of sermonising first and art afterwards; and as regards works like the Pastoral Symphony, all we can ourselves say is that, in spite of all its greatness (though no one can doubt that it ranks immeasurably below Beethoven's greatest level), its production was one of the most unfortunate events for the truest interests of music. No doubt Beethoven definitely says that it is "more an expression of feeling than scene-painting;" still, there is the principle laid down by the acknowledged greatest of composers that music may, in some degree, paint things that can be definitely labelled; and though Beethoven would no doubt have shuddered at the monstrosities of the modern school of programme-music, yet the Pastoral Symphony is very largely primarily responsible. Certainly there are instances, like the greater part of the Pastoral Symphony itself, or Mendelssohn's Concert Overtures, and many more, where the limitation of "mehr Empfindung als Malerei" is faithfully observed; but it is not without a feeling of almost disgust that we regard the painful attempts of a great man like Berlioz to label every possible shade of emotion in musical colour, and relate definite narratives in instrumental movements. Berlioz tells, as a pleasant jest, a story of a lady who thought to have recognised in a special effect in the *Roméo et Juliette* Symphony a picture of Romeo driving up in a hackney coach; but there is to us not the least doubt that a particular noise in the violins towards the close of the Adagio represents the Nurse knocking at the door—and there is not much to choose between the two for dignity.

In this Symphony we can really see the great point at issue. Things like the wonderful "Queen Mab" Scherzo and the larger part of the "Scène d'amour" are legitimate enough, as the titles add nothing to their beauty or appreciableness, and so practically they are programme-music without a programme. But when we find in other movements definite sequences of events regularly ticketed off, then we must ask, quite apart from the question of desirability, is all this really possible? Is there the least reason for supposing that all this would be at all intelligible without the catalogue? And even when there is no definite narration, but rather emotion-painting, is there the least reason for supposing that everyone would not frame by himself a totally different picture out of the music? Can music really express anything in definite emotions beyond the most broad contrasts of joy and sorrow? And as to the desirability of these attempts, we must seriously ask—What does art gain by them all? No doubt the tide is setting strongly in favour of programme-music—the headings of Schumann's piano pieces (many of which were, however, added after the music was written) have paved the way for countless similar titles, more or less as meaningless; the writings of Berlioz and Liszt have given birth to myriads of orchestral pictures and novels. But, unless we are to carry the cardinal fallacy of the end of the nineteenth century into art, and humbly believe that

whatever the majority says or does must be right, we may surely still hold fast to the position that all this is really artistic degradation. As the late Mr. Walter Pater so well pointed out, it is the pride of music that of all the arts it "means" least than can be put in words—not because it contains too little, but because it contains too much.

There may be one last objection to our position. "At any rate," it will be said, "you must admit some sort of programme-music where words are directly concerned, whether in operas or simple songs." No doubt this is the case; but still as in literature it is the task of the realist who is also an artist to imitate only in such a way as is compatible with artistic presentation, so the musician must make the artistic, not the merely imitative result, his first end. We would hesitate to assert that Wagner ever overstepped the true limits—he had too supreme a sense of beauty for that; but the dragon-motive comes rather near the line, and he is no doubt indirectly mainly responsible for the extension of programme-music into other branches of the art besides opera. And with regard to songs, of course the words have to be expressed as nearly as may be; but this end is far more closely attained when the direct imitation is sacrificed for a more vague and poetical setting of the general feeling. We can find perfect examples of this method in Brahms—such as the song of the nightingale in "Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht" or "Waldeseinsamkeit," or that of the lark in "Lerchengesang," or the roar of the sea in "Verzagen." Such a method is far the nearest to what we might call the ideal truth of the poetry, and it is really to Brahms that we look most of all for guidance in these latter days. Among the throng of half-musicians who seem to be doing their best to reduce music to pantomime, it is a relief to turn to one who has always held fast to the truth that the greatest music, like Homer and Shakspeare, Michelangelo and Velazquez, "means" nothing.

ERNEST WALKER.

VARIA.

ONE of the most entertaining passages in Berlioz's delightful *Mémoires*—one of the very foremost books of its class—tells how at a *soirée* given at one of the great music-schools at St. Petersburg in honour of the composer, Bach's D minor Concerto for three pianos was performed—"and yet," says Berlioz, "the director of the concert was an excellent musician and a most amiable man, and had, I am sure, no intention of annoying me." Such a sentence rather makes us open our eyes, for even among the glories of Bach, this Triple Concerto holds one of the very highest places. But we hardly realise now how comparatively little Bach was known till more or less recently. It is the greatest of all the debts that music owes to Mendelssohn that he was really the first to place Bach in his proper place, enthroned by the side of Beethoven above all the rest. Others there had been no doubt before Mendelssohn—Samuel Wesley among the foremost—who had striven to call the attention of their fellow-musicians to the unknown giant; but after all it was Mendelssohn who bore the great share of the work, and it is indirectly to him—though he died three years before the beginning of the undertaking—that we owe the monumental labours of the Bach-Gesellschaft. It is difficult now to grasp the fact that the musician, to some of whose greatest works special honour will be done in London at the beginning of next month, was, till within the memory of men still far from old, practically a

sealed book. While Handel's name was, at any rate in England, held in reverence that was almost adoration, and his works were performed on scales then unprecedented, the music of Handel's greater contemporary, who had always written, purely and without looking back, for no end other than the furtherance of his art and the appreciation of kindred spirits, was lying unpublished in church libraries and dusty cupboards. Here in England we have been so much accustomed to look on Handel as an English composer whose music has grown to be almost part of the national life, that it is with something like an intellectual wrench that we come to see that, supremely great as Handel was, Bach was greater. There is much truth in the saying that it is impossible to judge of the real position of any man till his influence has had a century to run; and there can be no doubt at all now that while the influence of Handel, in spite of all his force and majesty, stopped more or less with himself, that of Bach has come down in direct lineal descent through all the great men since. In Bach we find forecasts of everything in music—of Wagner's harmony no less than of Brahms' counterpoint, audacities that the most modern of composers has hardly surpassed along with simplicities like those of the most childlike folk-tune. He represents the pure intellectual gold of music, and if, perhaps, in some of our moods his touch strikes a little chill, and we long for the more intimate warmth and human emotion of Beethoven, yet there are other moods in which we turn to find relief from all storm and stress in this lofty clearness which seems, like Dante's *Paradiso*, to belong to a region where all human feeling has been sublimated to extinction. And it is just this ideal clearness and, so to speak, impersonality, that makes Bach, of all composers, the one on whom the foundations of musical education should be built. In such study the untrained mind has no opportunity of being led away by specious emotionalism the pernicious effects of which may never be eradicated; the untrained fingers have no chance of covering the results of carelessness by superficial brilliancy. To beginners, no doubt, he may often seem cold and dry; but they must be taught him simply as a matter of faith, in the assurance that they will, sooner or later, reap their reward in a musical education which will not be built on the sand.

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WHEN we hear, as we not unfrequently do, superficial students of history speak of modern music as beginning with Bach, we feel inclined to ask if, leaving everything else out of the question, they have any acquaintance with the Elizabethan madrigal literature. It is, at the first glance, a matter for astonishment when we notice the extraordinary modernity of much of Morley and Wilbye and Dowland, and all the rest of that great school, compared with the average music of their time—even the noble specimens of contemporary ecclesiastical music sound a century earlier in feeling. But it is only, after all, a striking instance of a fact that has often been observed in the histories of both art and literature—that the secular development is often in many ways far in advance of the ecclesiastical. The Minnesingers were flooding Europe with lyrics when the monks were still plodding at their consecutive fifths: Gottfried von Strassburg and Wolfram von Eschenbach were writing great poems while the schoolmen were wrangling over logical pin-pricks. The English madrigals had the same artistic birth as all folk-song—they owed nothing to the church except the barest mechanical texture. And it is one of the strangest facts about them that almost every man who lived in that

wonderful period of artistic overflow seems to have been able to produce work that lived—perfect lyrics set to perfect music, alike devoid, it may be, of great depth of feeling, but with a flawlessness of form and an ideal command of material such as have perhaps never been seen since. Very possibly, except at Athens in the fifth century B.C., there has never been a generation in the world's history when so much pure artistic wealth was crowded together in a glowing mass as in the Elizabethan age in England; and of this wealth the madrigals are by no means the least delight.

It has always seemed to us one of the strangest anomalies of chamber concerts that piano duet literature should be, to all intents and purposes, entirely neglected. We cannot, at the moment, recall a single instance of a piano duet forming part of the programme of any high-class chamber concert in London (apart from cases like the Brahms *Liebslieder* for duet and voices). This neglect is surely almost unaccountable, when we remember the literature written in that form. It may perhaps be confined to a comparatively few of the greatest composers, but these have put some of their best work into it. Nothing of Mozart's is more delightful than the four-hand Sonatas in F and C, or the Variations in G, or the Fantasia in F minor. Schumann furnishes charming small things like the "Bilder aus Osten," while Brahms has given us, besides the sets of waltzes, one of his most tender and delicate inspirations in the Variations in E flat on a theme of Schumann. But it is to Schubert that we look for the greatest examples of four-hand music; and when we think of superb works like the Grand Duo (practically a symphony in the greatness of its ideas and the scale of their development), the F minor Fantasia, the "Divertissement à la Hongroise," the A flat Variations, not to mention all the wonderful things in less large framework, the total neglect of this form of composition in public concerts is little less than amazing. Works for two pianos are heard not infrequently, on the whole; why then could not two performers occasionally combine at one piano? We can only think of one possible reason. Piano duets are to most persons associated with memories of schoolroom practisings, and parties where young ladies conscientiously work through arrangements of popular overtures; and the natural prejudice against this form of art is transferred, in the teeth of all reason and logic, to piano duets under all circumstances. This is no doubt a very inadequate cause, but can any other be suggested? It may be hinted that while two-piano works are written with equal regard to each piano, the treble part in a piano duet is always the more important, and so the second player would feel aggrieved. But even supposing this inequality to be the case—a matter at least open to argument—well, if all artists acted upon the "star" principle, no works except instrumental solos would ever get performed at all; and as musicians seem generally to have enough solidarity of feeling to think of the music first and of their own personal glorification afterwards if at all, we cannot see what reason except that we have given can be suggested for the entire neglect of piano duets in our programmes. But surely our concert-givers might have a little tincture of logic in their ideas about the selection of music. If the Grand Duo or the Brahms E flat Variations were to win their way into the *répertoire* of the Popular Concerts, it would be a death-blow to this absurd superstition.

E. W

MUSIC IN COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS.

*** *In view of the musical influence of Colleges and Public and High Schools, we shall be glad to receive communications respecting any musical events that may take place. Such notices, however, should reach us by the 18th day of the month.*

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.—One of the chief events in the University life of the past month was the visit of Mr. John Farmer, of Harrow and Balliol. The Union Hall was crowded to its utmost extent with the students, who sang with the greatest vigour and heartiness numerous songs and choruses—some old favourites, others taught them on the spot by Mr. Farmer—and appreciated to the full the combined humour and pathos of the "sketch" given by Mr. Farmer as the second part of the evening's entertainment. The most cordial enthusiasm prevailed throughout, and on all sides the wish was expressed that Mr. Farmer might soon be able to renew his visit, and show the Glasgow students once more how good music and good fellowship may go hand in hand.

DOINGS IN THE PROVINCES.

*** *To obviate any interesting event in the Suburbs or Provinces escaping attention, we shall be glad to receive communications from local correspondents. These, however, must reach us before the 18th day of the month.*

OXFORD.—There has been an unprecedented amount of music in Oxford during the past month—a great deal too much to admit of anything like crowded audiences, except on January 25th, at the second of the Musical Club's present series of Public Classical Concerts, when M. Paderewski played Chopin and Liszt solos, besides taking part in Brahms' A major pianoforte quartet with Messrs. Gorski, Gibson, and Salmon, who gave an admirable rendering of Beethoven's Serenade Trio. Madame Amy Sherwin was the vocalist. Two other concerts of the same series have since been held, and have both proved of the highest interest. At the orchestral concert on January 31st, Madame Haas gave a sound and artistic reading of Beethoven's C minor Piano Concerto, and Mr. David Bispham sang with splendid dramatic and imaginative power "Wahn, wahn," and "Non più andrai"; while the orchestra was heard alone—under Dr. C. H. Lloyd's direction—in Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and Weber's Overture to *Euryanthe*. At the following concert on February 14th, M. Sauret played Bruch's G minor Violin Concerto and Saint-Saëns' *Rondo Capriccioso* in his well-known brilliant and fascinating style, and Mrs. Aylmer Jones was heard to advantage in songs of Haydn and Grieg; but the great event of the concert was the performance (along with Mozart's Symphony in E flat) of Brahms' Orchestral Serenade in D. It is one of the strangest things in musical matters that this beautiful work should be so hopelessly neglected—we hardly think there have been half-a-dozen performances of it at all in England—for it is as clear and melodious as a Haydn Symphony, and, while perhaps not so deep as Brahms' later works, is, like the B flat Sextet, brimful of life and charm of the most exceptional and delightful order. We sincerely hope it will be given in London before long.—At the Musical Club's regular Tuesday meetings the principal works during the past month have been:—Piano Quintets in F minor (Brahms), in A (Schubert); String Quartets in B flat, Op. 130 (Beethoven), in G minor

(Spohr); Concerto for three pianos and strings in D minor (Bach); sonatas for piano and violin in G (Brahms), in D (Mozart), in E flat (Beethoven); sonatas for piano solo in C minor, op. 111 (Beethoven), in D (Mozart); smaller chamber works, violin and piano solos, songs, &c. The artists have been: pianists—Mr. Leonard Borwick, Sir W. Parratt, Messrs. P. V. M. Benecke, F. Harvey, C. H. Lloyd, J. Taylor, D. F. Tovey, E. Walker; strings—Messrs. A. Gibson, K. Henkel, J. Ludwig, P. Ludwig, C. Ould, A. Hobday, C. Hobday, A. J. Slocombe, H. H. Joachim, R. C. Davis; singers—Messrs. H. Sunman, E. G. Mercer, Rev. A. H. S. Patrick.—At the Balliol Sunday Concerts, during the past month, the chief works performed have been: *Stabat Mater* (Pergolesi), *Orchestral Suite in C* (Bach)—these two at the 200th concert of the Musical Society on February 3rd; sonatas for piano and violin in D minor (Brahms), in E flat (Mozart), Hungarian dances for piano and violin (Brahms-Joachim), piano duets and solos, violin solos, songs, &c. Pianists: Messrs. D. F. Tovey and E. Walker; violinists: Mrs. Douglas Scott (Miss Mary Cardew), Mr. H. H. Joachim; singers—Miss Ada Green, Miss Amy Castle, Miss Margaret Dodson, and Mr. G. W. Farmer.—Messrs. Russell have given a concert at which Mr. Sims Reeves and several others appeared; and Messrs. Acott, besides a Santley party, have introduced to Oxford a very remarkable violinist in M. Achille Rivarde, who, at a concert on February 8th, gave a really great performance of Bach's *Chaconne*—striking beauty of tone and perfect technique combined with much breadth and individuality of style. The concert at which M. Rivarde made so great a sensation was mainly made up of the high-class drawing-room compositions of Mlle. Chaminade, who played with taste and elegance, and was fortunate in having her songs interpreted by artists of such calibre as Mlle. Camilla Landi and Mr. Andrew Black. The only pity was that a style so thoughtful and artistic as Mr. Black's, and a voice so almost uniquely beautiful as Mlle. Landi's, had no chance of being displayed in anything more important.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—In matters musical the two important fixtures during the past month were the Chamber-music Society's concert (which was, like its predecessors, a brilliant success) and the visit of Herr Emil Sauer. The event around which most interest was centred was Herr Emil Sauer's Pianoforte Recital, which was given in the New Assembly Rooms, on Monday, February 12th. Expectation was aroused to such a pitch through sensational advertisements and newspaper paragraphs, that without doubt many went expecting, of course, the impossible, and came away naturally disappointed. The majority of the audience, however, after according the first two or three items a somewhat cold and critical reception, soon were convinced that here they had a truly wonderful pianist, about whose performances no more than enough had been said. The programme, which was gone through somewhat rapidly, making the concert seem soon over (there were no vocal items to break the continuity), was as follows:—"Præludium and Fugue," J. S. Bach-D'Albert; "Sonata," Op. 110, Beethoven; (a) "Nachtstück," (b) "Toccata," Op. 7, Schumann; (a) "Bolero," Op. 19, (b) "Nocturne," (c) "Ballade," Op. 47, Chopin; "Pavane," Saint-Saëns; "Barcarole," Op. 50, No. 3, Rubinstein; "Echo de Vienne," E. Sauer; "Rhapsodie," Liszt. The arrangements were in Messrs. Hirschmann's hands.—On Tuesday, February 12th, in the Town Hall, the fifth annual concert of the

Newcastle Harmonic Society was held. The fact that the work for performance was Dr. Joseph Parry's dramatic oratorio, *Saul of Tarsus*, with the additional attraction of Dr. Parry, conducting his own work, aroused something more than usual interest. The work received such an interpretation as was possible with such inadequate means as a limited orchestra, especially permitted. It was greatly enjoyed, and the gifted composer received a hearty Northumbrian reception. Dr. Chambers presided at the organ. The soloists were Madame William Penn, Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys, and Mr. Morgans-Williamson. On Monday, February 18th, the Newcastle Amateur Vocal Society gave their invitation concert under the direction of Dr. Rea. Schumann's difficult work, *Paradise and the Peri*, seemed to unduly tax both chorus and orchestra on this occasion. The part songs in the second half were, however, charmingly rendered.—Other little societies have also had their little innings.—Mr. Valentine Smith has completed a fairly successful season of popular opera at the Art Gallery Theatre.

LIVERPOOL.—The second of the Schiever Chamber Concerts took place at the Art Club on January 26th, the programme being as follows:—Quartet, A major, Op. 41, Schumann; two Scottish songs, "Again, my love," and "Faithful Johnie;" solo violoncello-sonata in F, Porpora; Adagio Cantabile from quartet in G major, John H. Mee; quartett-satz in C minor, Op. posth., Schubert; songs, "Schöne Fremde" and "Intermezzo," Schumann; and quartet in G, Op. 17, No. 2, Haydn. The Schumann quartet was given with delicacy and depth of feeling, as might be expected from such accomplished quartet players as Messrs. Schiever, Akeroyd, Courvoisier and Fuch; and they thoroughly entered into the playful spirit of the Haydn number, giving a zest to the performance delightful to listen to. Miss Hillhouse was the vocalist and Mr. Stendver Welsing the accompanist.—On February 2nd, the Liverpool Orchestral Society gave another of their smoking concerts, the chief item being Grieg's pianoforte concerto in A minor. Mr. Stendver Welsing being the pianist, the rendering gave entire satisfaction; Mr. Bantock Pierpoint sang Sullivan's "I would I were a king," and, in response to an encore, gave one of the Hungarian songs popularised by Mr. Plunket Greene.—The Philharmonic Concert on the 5th ult. was mainly orchestral, the orchestra being increased to over 100 performers; their items included the instrumental portion of Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette* and the overture "Sapho" (Goldmark). Mr. Ben Davies was the vocalist, and sang "Salve Dimora" (*Faust*), Siegmund's Liebeslied from *Die Walküre*, and the prayer from *Rienzi*. The same Society's concert on the 19th was distinguished by a fine performance of Schubert's Rondo Brillante in B minor, given by Messrs. Willy Hess and Leonard Borwick; Gade's *Ossian* overture and Mendelssohn's Reformation symphony were given by the orchestra under Sir Charles Hallé. Miss Fillunger was the vocalist. At their next concert, March 5th, Dr. Joachim is to play Mozart's Violin Concerto in A minor.—Considerable interest was aroused by the first appearance of Herr Emil Sauer, whose pianoforte recital on the 16th gave Liverpool an opportunity of hearing this distinguished pianist. His programme followed the usual modern order—a pianoforte arrangement of one of Bach's noble organ works (the fine prelude and fugue in D major), a Beethoven sonata (the "Appassionata"), some Chopin studies, &c., and a Liszt Rhapsodie. The audience was not too enthusiastic, and

the player suffered by comparisons of his renderings with those of other eminent pianists, the critical capacities of the audience being aroused possibly by the largely advertised statement that the player was the "greatest of all living pianists," a dictum with which it did not feel disposed to agree.—The third Harrison Concert on the 13th was the usual success. The artists were Mrs. Henschel, Miss Clara Butt, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli, all of whom were in good form, Signor Foli especially so.—On the 16th ult. a miscellaneous concert was given at the Philharmonic; at which Mlle. Chaminade, Mr. Andrew Black, Mlle. Landi, and Mrs. A. Black appeared.

GLASGOW. — The Choral Union gave *The Flying Dutchman*, but the result has been doubtful. The work got full justice, but in the opinion of many critics it is not worth the trouble for concert purposes. Their next venture will be more congenial we venture to hope, viz., Rossini's *Moses in Egypt*, for which they have secured a powerful array of principals.—Mr. Bispham sings at the Pop. this week. He will give the audience a treat.—The smaller societies have not been much in evidence this month. They are preparing doubtless for their closing concerts. The Glasgow select choir had a very small attendance at their last concert. The programme, which contained a very wide selection from most known operas, was well upheld, and Mr. Cole with his splendid band added a charm to what deserved a crowded house. One would be inclined to imagine a "crowded house" a thing of the past were it not for a rare example now and then. The Railway Guards' concert was one of those rarities, but we think the crowd was drawn more by the charitable object than by the programme.—Mr. Macbeth and his forces will be in evidence all next week at the Athenæum. The work is *La Dame Blanche*. They will have able assistance from Mr. Cole's orchestra.

SOME FOREIGN ITEMS.

HERR FELIX MOTTL, who has done so much service in producing important works of the younger German composers, has brought forward at Carlsruhe a new "music-drama," entitled *Ingwilde*, by a young writer named Max Schillings, Count Ferdinand Sporck being the librettist. The work had an exceedingly good rendering, and was most warmly received, some critics going so far as to welcome Herr Schillings' opera as the first really original and valuable work of the kind since Wagner. The second edition of the vocal score has already been published, which in itself is a remarkable testimony to the interest of the work.

HERR EDGAR TINEL's oratorio, *Franciskus*, which is creating in Germany an impression such as no oratorio since Mendelssohn has produced, has been recently performed in Gotha and in Hanover, and (for the second time) in Leipzig, where Herr Vogl took the title rôle.

MESSRS. CHOUDENS, of Paris, announce the publication of several posthumous compositions of Gounod, including a Requiem and three Masses, besides a vocal scena and some preludes for piano.

THE operas of Smetana—a composer whose great powers are too little known in England—are now winning their way throughout Germany with the greatest success.

Die verkaufte Braut (the delightful overture of which is fairly often played here under the title of "Comedy Overture in F") has met with the most remarkable success wherever it has been performed; and *Der Kuss*, *Dalibor*, and *Zwei Wittwen* have also been very favourably received at Munich, Vienna, and the other principal music-centres of Germany. A symphonic poem "Sarka" has also been recently played for the first time at a Philharmonic concert in Vienna, and was welcomed as a worthy companion of the fine works *Vltava* and *Vysehrad*.

At Paris, Bach's Mass in B minor has been lately given at the Conservatoire concerts, and Schumann's rarely-heard opera of *Genoveva* has also been heard, under the direction of M. Eugène d'Harcourt, who is introducing the lesser known music of the great German composers largely into his concerts. The work, which was given in a French version, was performed three times.

At Ghent, M. Adolphe Samuel, a well-known Belgian musician, has given a semi-private performance of a "Symphonie mystique," entitled *Christus*, a work more or less on the model of Berlioz's symphonies, orchestral and choral movements alternating. It was very favourably received, and was accepted by Herr Wüllner for performance at Cologne.

SPOHR's very rarely-heard symphony for double orchestra, "Irisches und Göttliches," has been recently given at Mainz. With the exception of the "Weihe der Töne," these symphonies are now practically altogether neglected.

M. LAROCHE, of St. Petersburg, is said to be at present working at a biography of the late Peter Tschaikowsky, for which the material is being supplied by the composer's relatives. The work will also include Tschaikowsky's correspondence, and should form an interesting record of a composer whose work is hardly sufficiently known in England.

NEWS comes from Vienna of the discovery of a one-act opera of Haydn, which, it is said, was found in the library of the country-seat of Prince Esterhazy, whose ancestor was Haydn's great patron. Coming so soon after the introduction by Herr Popper of a violoncello concerto attributed to the great composer, this information seems to show that we may look for more delightful works from the same hand.

M. KLING, a professor at the Conservatoire at Geneva, has delivered a lecture at the University in that town on the works of Liszt, with various vocal and pianoforte illustrations. He also proposes to set up a tablet on the house in which Liszt stayed during his residence at Geneva in 1835 and 1836, in commemoration of the sojourn of the composer of the *Dante* Symphony.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters connected with the literary department of this Journal must be addressed to the EDITOR, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W.

Communications intended for insertion will receive no notice unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

The EDITOR cannot undertake to return articles of which he is unable to make use.

All business letters should be addressed to the PUBLISHERS.

Advertisements should reach the Office of the PUBLISHERS, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W., not later than the 20th in order to insure insertion in the issue of the month current.

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LUTE". No 147.

Also published separately. PRICE 3s

"SINCE BY MAN CAME DEATH."

Easter Anthem

H. ERNEST NICHOL,

MUS. BAC. OXON.

COR. XV. 21, 22, 49:57.

LONDON:

PATEY & WILLIS, 44, Gt MARLBOROUGH ST., W.

Allegro $\text{♩} = 100$.

Sw:

mf G! Diap:

Ped

TENOR.

BASS.

Since by man, by

a tempo.

rall:

p

man came death, since by man, by man came

man came death, since by man, by man came

Vivace.

By man came al - so the re - sur - rec - tion of the

By man came al - so the re - sur - rec - tion of the

death By man came al - so the re - sur - rec - tion of the

death By man came al - so the re - sur - rec - tion of the

f Vivace.

dead, by man came al - so the re - sur - rec - tion of the

dead, by man came al - so the re - sur - rec - tion of the

dead, by man came al - so the re - sur - rec - tion of the

dead, by man came al - so the re - sur - rec - tion of the

dead.

dead.

p Tempo Imp

dead. For as in A - dam, in A - dam all

dead. For as in A - dam, in A - dam all

rall. *Tempo Imo* 100.

The musical score is written for a vocal ensemble and piano. It begins with a 'Vivace' tempo marking. The vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) enter with the lyrics 'By man came al - so the re - sur - rec - tion of the'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). There are tempo changes indicated by 'Tempo Imp' and 'Tempo Imo 100'. The piece concludes with a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking and a final piano accompaniment section.

TENOR.

BASS.

die, for as in A - dam, in A - dam all
die, for as in A - dam, in A - dam all

Vivace

Ev - en so in Christ shall all be made a - live, ev - en

Ev - en so in Christ shall all be made a - live, ev - en

die. Ev - en so in Christ shall all be made a - live, ev - en

die. Ev - en so in Christ shall all be made a - live, ev - en

Vivace = 126.

so in Christ shall all be made a - live, ev - en so in

so in Christ shall all be made a - live, ev - en so in

so in Christ shall all be made a - live, ev - en so in,

so in Christ shall all be made a - live, ev - en so in

Christ shall all be made a - live.

Christ shall all be made a - live.

Christ shall all be made a - live.

Christ shall all be made a - live.

Man: (or Ped: ad lib.)

Solo Soprano (or Sopranos in unison)

And as we have borne the image of the

And as we have borne the image of the

Sw: p

Man:

earth - y, as we have borne the image of the earth - y,

earth - y, as we have borne the image of the earth - y,

mf we shall al - so bear the im - age of the heav'n - ly, *pp*

mf *pp*

rall. we shall al - so bear the im - age of the heav'n - ly. *pp*

Flute Solo *pp* *rall.*

Ped CHORUS.
Allegro Vivace ♩ = 112.

Thanks be to God, who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry, thanks be to

Thanks be to God, who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry, thanks be to

Thanks be to God, who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry, thanks be to

Thanks be to God, who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry, thanks be to

God, who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry, thanks be to God, who

God, who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry, thanks be to God, who

God, who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry, thanks be to God, who

God, who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry, thanks be to God, who

giv - eth us the vic - to - ry through our Lord

Je - sus Christ. Thanks be to

God. Thanks be to God.

"Lute" 147.

7

Thanks be to God, thanks be to
 Thanks be to God, thanks be to
 Thanks be to God,
 Thanks be to God,

God, — Who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry, who giv - eth us the
 God, — Who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry, who giv - eth us the
 Who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry, who giv - eth us the
 Who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry, who giv - eth us the

vic - to - ry, through our Lord Je - - sus Christ,
 vic - to - ry, through our Lord Je - - sus Christ,
 vic - to - ry, through our Lord Je - - sus Christ,
 vic - to - ry, through our Lord Je - - sus Christ,

maestoso.

through our Lord Je - sus Christ

maestoso.

through our Lord Je - sus Christ

maestoso.

through our Lord Je - sus Christ

maestoso.

through our Lord Je - sus Christ

Allegro Vivace.

fff A - - men.

fff A - - men.

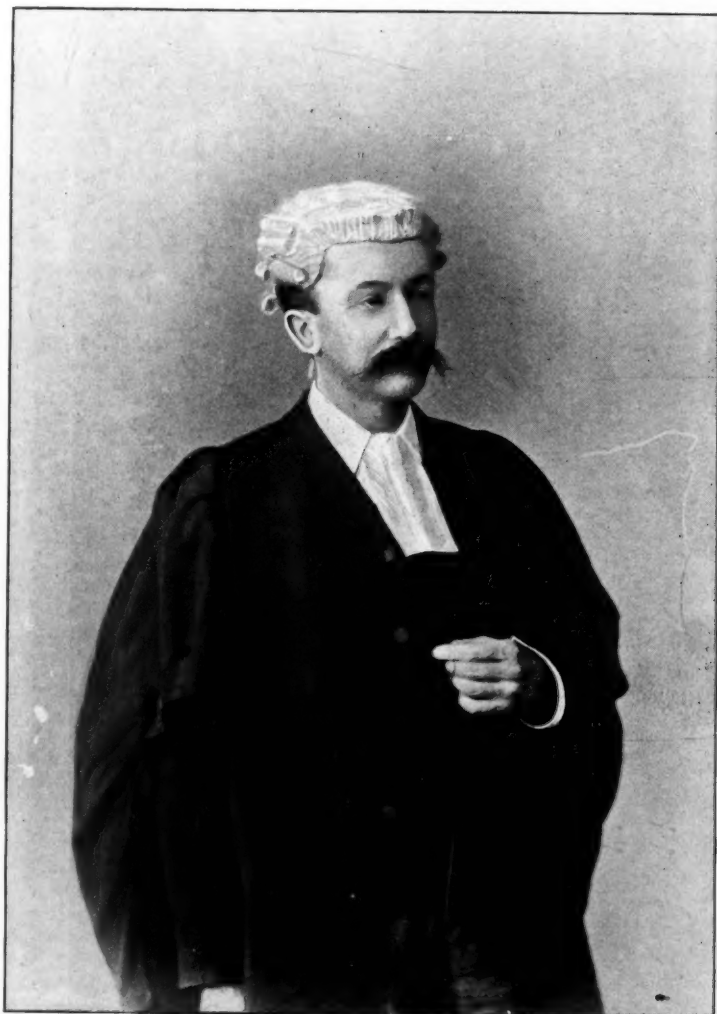
fff A - - men.

fff A - - men.

fff A - - men.

men.
men.
men.
men.
men.





F. E. WEATHERLY.

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